Seven Songs

for the

HARPSICHORD

OR

Forte Piano.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC

Composed by

Francis Hopkinson.

Philadelphia Publish'd & Sold by J. Dobson

I. AITKEN * Sculp.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I EMBRACE, with heart-felt ſatisfaction, every opportunity that offers of recognizing the perſonal Friendſhip that hath ſo long ſubſiſted between us. The preſent Occaſion allows me to do this in a manner moſt flattering to my Vanity; and I have accordingly taken advantage of it, by preſenting this Work to your Patronage, and honouring it with your Name.

It cannot be thought an unwarrantable anticipation to look up to you as ſeated in the moſt dignified ſituation that a grateful People can offer. The univerſally avowed Wiſh of America, and the Nearneſs of the Period in which that Wiſh will be accompliſhed, ſufficiently juſtify ſuch an Anticipation; from which ariſes a confident Hope, that the ſame Wiſdom and Virtue which has ſo ſucceſsfully conducted the Arms of the United States in Times of Invaſion, War, and Tumult, will prove alſo the ſucceſsful Patron of Arts and Sciences in Times of national Peace and Proſperity; and that the Glory of America will riſe conſpicuous under a Government deſignated by the *Will*, and an Adminiſtration founded in the *Hearts* of THE PEOPLE.

With reſpect to the little Work, which I have now the honour to preſent to your notice, I can only ſay that it is ſuch as a Lover, not a Maſter, of the Arts can furniſh. I am neither a profeſs'd Poet, nor a profeſs'd Muſician; and yet venture to appear in thoſe characters united; for which, I confeſs, the cenſure of Temerity may juſtly be brought againſt me.

If theſe Songs ſhould not be ſo fortunate as to pleaſe the *young* Performers, for whom they are intended, they will at leaſt not occaſion much Trouble in learning to perform them; and this will, I hope, be ſome Alleviation of their Diſappointment.

However ſmall the Reputation may be that I ſhall derive from this Work, I cannot, I believe, be refuſed the Credit of being the firſt Native of the United States who has produced a Muſical Compoſition. If this attempt ſhould not be too ſeverely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in ſucceſſion will take root and flouriſh amongſt us.

I hope for your favourable Acceptance of this Mark of my Affection and Reſpect, and have the Honour to be

Your Excellency's moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble Servant,

F. HOPKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA,
Nov. 20th, 1788.

SONG I.

Largo

Come fair Kofina, come away, long

ſince ſtern Winter's Storms have ceas'd, see na - ture in her beſt Array in - vites us to her rural Feaſt,

The Seaſon ſhall her Treaſures ſpread, her mellow fruits, her mellow fruits and Harveſt brown, her flow'rs their freſheſt odours

ſhed, and ev'ry Breeze pour Fragrance down, Her flow'rs their freſheſt Odours ſhed, and ev'ry Breeze pour fragrance down

At noon we'll ſeek the wild wood's ſhade
And oe'r the pathleſs verdure rove,
Or, near a moſsy fountain laid,
Attend the muſic of the grove;
At eve, the ſloping mead invites
With lowing herds and flocks to ſtray;
Each hour ſhall furniſh new delights,
And love and joy ſhall crown the day.

SONG II.

SLOW

My Love is gone to Sea, whilſt I his abſence mourn, no Joy ſhall ſmile on me, un til my Love re - turn; He aſk'd me for his Bride, and many Vows he ſwore, I bluſh'd and ſoon com-ply'd, I bluſh'd and ſoon com - ply'd, my heart was his be - fore, my heart was his, my Heart was his be - fore.

2. One little month was paſt
And who ſo bleſt as we;
The ſummons came at laſt
And Jemmy muſt to ſea.
I ſaw his ſhip ſo gay
Swift fly the wave-worn ſhore,
I wip'd my tears away -
And ſaw his ſhip no more.

3. When clowds ſhut in the ſky
And ſtorms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly
And threatning thunders roll,
All hopes of reſt are loſt,
No ſlumbers viſit me;
My anxious thoughts are toſt
With Jemmy on the ſea.

2. Verse
no more, no more, and &c.

3. Verse
my Thoughts are toſt with &c.

SONG III.

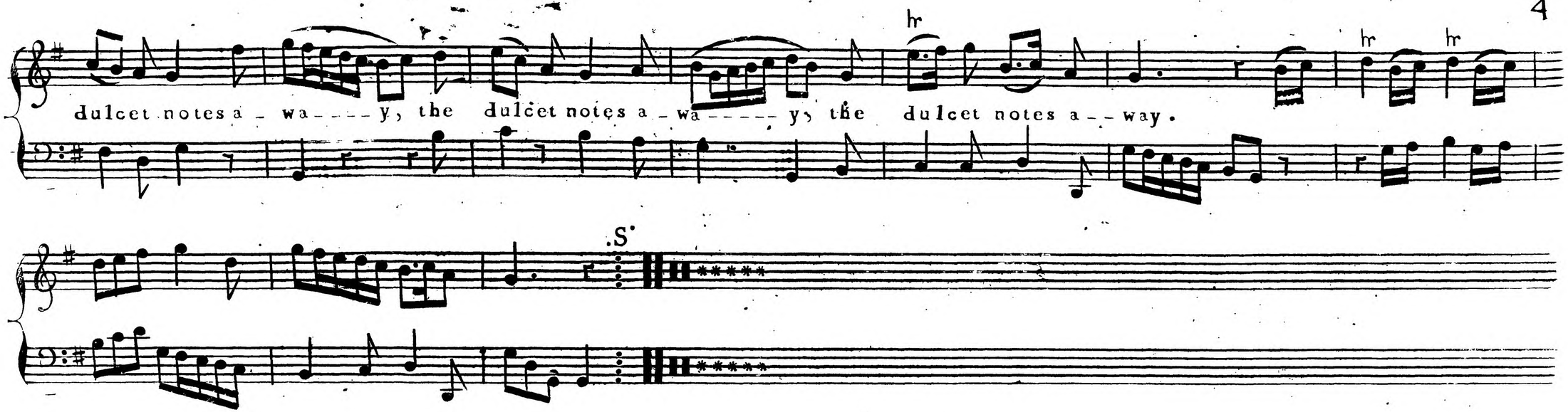
SLOW

-neath a weeping Willow's ſhade, ſhe ſat and ſang a-lone, Be-neath a weeping Willow's ſhade, ſhe ſat and ſang a

-lone; Her Hand upon her Heart ſhe laid and plaintive was her moan, and plaintive was her moan. The

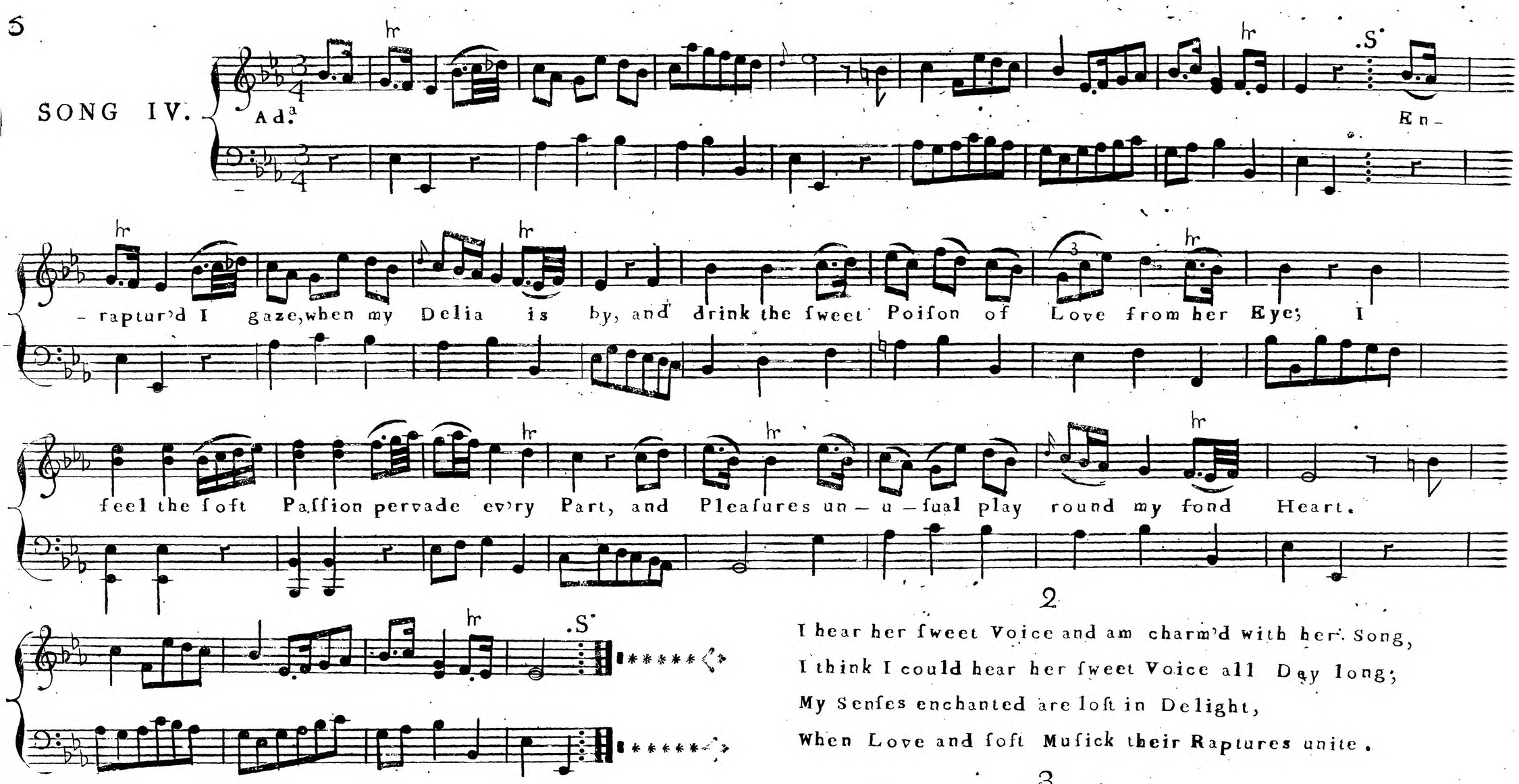
mock-bird ſat u-pon a Bough, The mock-bird ſat u-pon a Bough and liſten to her

Lay; then to the diſtant Hills he bore the dulcet notes a-way; Then to the diſtant Hills he bore the



Fond Echo to her Strains reply'd,
The Winds her Sorrows bore,
Adieu dear youth, Adieu, ſhe cry'd,
2. I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
The mock bird ſat upon a Bough
And liſten'd to her Lay,
Then to the diſtant Hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

SONG IV.



2

I hear her ſweet Voice and am charm'd with her Song,
I think I could hear her ſweet Voice all Day long;
My Senſes enchanted are loſt in Delight,
When Love and ſoft Muſick their Raptures unite.

3

Beyond all Expreſſion my Delia I love;
My Heart is ſo fix'd that it never can rove;
When I ſee her I think 'tis an Angel I ſee,
And the Charms of her mind are a Heav'n to me.

SONG V.

Andante

See, down Maria____s bluſhing Cheek, the

Tears of ſoft Compaſſion flow;

Thoſe Tears a yielding Heart beſpeak, a Heart that feels for

other's Woe.

May not thoſe Drops that frequent fall to my fond Hope pro-pitious prove; The

Heart that melts at Pity's Call, will own the ſofter Voice of Love, will own the ſofter Voice of

Love.

2

Earth ne'er produc'd a gem ſo rare,
Nor wealthy oceans ample ſpace
So rich a pearl, as that bright tear
That linger's on maria's face;
So hangs upon the morning roſe
The chryſtal drop of heav'n refin'd,
Awhile with trembling luſtre glows,
Is gone, and leaves no ſtain behind.

SONG VI.

Andante

Pia. for.

O'er the Hills far away, at the Birth of the morn, I hear the full Tone, I hear the full Tone of the ſweet ſounding

Horn of the ſweet ſounding Horn. I hear the full Tone of the ſweet ſounding Horn. The

Sportſman with Shouting all hail the new Day the Spotſman with Shouting all hail the new Day and ſwift run the Hound o'er the Hills far awa-

-y The Sportſman with Shouting all hail the new Day and ſwift run the Hounds o'er the Hills far away

Pia

A crofs the deep valley their courſe they purſue, and ruſh thro' the Thickets yet ſilver'd with Due, and

for.

ruſh thro' the Thickets yet ſilver'd with Due, nor Fences nor Ditches their Speed can delay, ſtill ſounds the ſweet horn o're the Hills far away,

Pia.

for.

ſtill ſounds the ſweet horn o'er the Hills far awa - - - - - y, The Hills far away, far awa - - - - - - - - - -

Pia

for.

hr. Pia.

for.

- - - - - - y, The Hill far awa - y, nor Fences nor Ditches their ſpeed can delay, ſtill

ſounds the ſwet Horn o'er the Hills far away. Ad.a PP.

SONG VII.

RONDO

All.o

My gen'rous heart diſdains the Slave of love to be, I ſcorn his ſervile Chains, and boaſt my liber-

ty, I ſcorn his ſervile Chains and boaſt my Liber- - ty. This whining and pining and waſting with Care are not to my Taſte, be ſhe

ever ſo fair. This whining and pining and waſting with Care are not to my Taſte, be ſhe ever ſo fair.

ſhall a Girls ca-

pricious frown ſink my noble ſpirits down; ſhall a face of white and red make me droop my ſilly Head;

ſhall I ſet me down and ſigh for an Eye brow or an Eye; For a braded Lock of

Hair, curſe my Fortune curſe my Fortune and deſpair; curſe my Fortune and deſpair; My S. Still un-certain is To

morrow, not quite certain is to Day, Shall I waſte my Time in Sorrow; Shall I languiſh life away; All becauſe a

cruel maid hath not Love with Love repaid, Hath not Love with Love repai- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - d My

SONG VIII.

ANDANTE

P.

The Trav'ler benighted and loft, O'erthe mountain pur –

– fueshisIone Way, The Stream is all candy'd with Froft, and the Icicle hangs on the Spray; He wanders in hope fome kind

Pia

for.

Shelter to find, whilft thro'the Sharp Hawthorn ftill blows the cold wind; He wanders in hope fome kind

Pia.

for.

Shelter to find, whilft thro' the Sharp Hawthorn ftill blows the cold wind.

Pia.

P P.

For the remaining Verfes, See the printed Songs

THE SONGS.

SONG I.

COME, fair Roſina, come away,
Long ſince ſtern Winter's ſtorms have ceas'd;
See! Nature, in her beſt array,
Invites us to her rural Feaſt:
The Seaſon ſhall her treaſures ſpread,
Her mellow fruits and harveſts brown,
Her flowers their richeſt odours ſhed,
And ev'ry breeze pour fragrance down.

2.

At noon we'll ſeek the wild wood's ſhade,
And o'er the pathleſs verdure rove;
Or, near a moſſy fountain laid,
Attend the muſic of the grove;
At eve, the ſloping mead invites
'Midſt lowing herds and flocks to ſtray;
Each hour ſhall furniſh new delights,
And Love and Joy ſhall crown the day.

SONG II.

MY Love is gone to ſea,
Whilſt I his abſence mourn,
No joy ſhall ſmile on me
Until my Love return.
He aſk'd me for his bride,
And many vows he ſwore;
I bluſh'd—and ſoon comply'd,
My heart was his before.

2.

One little month was paſt,
And who ſo bleſt as we?
The ſummons came at laſt,
And Jemmy muſt to ſea.
I ſaw his ſhip ſo gay
Swift fly the wave-worn ſhore;
I wip'd my tears away—
And ſaw his ſhip no more.

3.

When clouds ſhut in the ſky
And ſtorms around me howl;
When livid lightnings fly
And threat'ning thunders roll;
All hopes of reſt are loſt,
No ſlumbers viſit me,
My anxious thoughts are toſt
With Jemmy on the ſea.

SONG III.

BENEATH a weeping willow's ſhade
She ſat and ſang alone;
Her hand upon her heart ſhe laid
And plaintive was her moan.
The mock-bird ſat upon a bough
And liſt'ned to her lay,
Then to the diſtant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

2.

Fond Echo to her ſtrains reply'd,
The winds her ſorrows bore;
Adieu! dear youth—adieu! ſhe cry'd,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
The mock-bird ſat upon a bough
And liſt'ned to her lay,
Then to the diſtant hills he bore
The dulcet notes away.

SONG IV.

ENRAPTUR'D I gaze when my Delia is by,
And drink the ſweet poiſon of Love from her eye;
I feel the ſoft paſſion pervade ev'ry part
And pleaſure unuſual plays round my fond heart.

2.

I hear her ſweet voice, and am charm'd with her ſong—
I think I could hear her ſweet voice all day long;
My ſenſes enchanted, are loſt in delight
When Love and ſoft Muſic their raptures unite.

3.

Beyond all expreſſion my Delia I love,
My heart is ſo fix'd that it never can rove;
When I ſee her I think 'tis an angel I ſee,
And the charms of her mind are a heav'n to me.

SONG V.

SEE down Maria's bluſhing cheek
The tears of ſoft compaſſion flow;
Thoſe tears a yielding heart beſpeak—
A heart that feels for others' woe.
May not thoſe drops, that frequent fall,
To my fond hope propitious prove,
The heart that melts at Pity's call
Will own the ſofter voice of Love.

2.

Earth ne'er produc'd a gem ſo rare,
Nor wealthy ocean's ample ſpace
So rich a pearl—as that bright tear
That lingers on Maria's face.
So hangs upon the morning roſe
The chryſtal drop of heav'n refin'd,
Awhile with trembling luſtre glows—
Is gone—and leaves no ſtain behind.

SONG VI.

O'ER the hills far away, at the birth of the morn,
I hear the full tone of the ſweet-ſounding horn;
The ſportſmen with ſhoutings all hail the new day
And ſwift run the hounds o'er the hills far away.
Acroſs the deep valley their courſe they purſue
And ruſh thro' the thickets yet ſilver'd with dew;
Nor hedges not ditches their ſpeed can delay—
Still ſounds the ſweet Horn o'er the hills far away.

SONG VII.

MY gen'rous heart diſdains
The ſlave of Love to be,
I ſcorn his ſervile chains
And boaſt my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And waſting with care
Are not to my taſte, be ſhe ever ſo fair.

2.

Shall a girl's capricious frown
Sink my noble ſpirits down?
Shall a face of white and red
Make me droop my ſilly head?
Shall I ſet me down and ſigh
For an eye-brow or an eye?
For a braided lock of hair
Curſe my fortune and deſpair?
My gen'rous heart diſdains, &c.

3.

Still uncertain is to-morrow,
Not quite certain is to-day—
Shall I waſte my time in ſorrow?
Shall I languiſh life away?
All becauſe a cruel maid
Hath not Love with Love repaid.
My gen'rous heart diſdains, &c.

*SONG VIII.

THE Trav'ler benighted and loſt,
O'er the mountain purſues his lone way;
The ſtream is all candy'd with froſt
And the icicle hangs on the ſpray,
He wanders in hope ſome kind ſhelter to find
"Whilſt thro' the ſharp hawthorn ſtill blows the cold [wind."

2.

The tempeſt howls dreary around
And rends the tall oak in its flight;
Faſt falls the cold ſnow on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night.
Lone wanders the Trav'ler a ſhelter to find
"Whilſt thro' the ſharp hawthorn ſtill blows the cold [wind."

3.

No comfort the wild woods afford,
No ſhelter the Trav'ler can ſee—
Far off are his bed and his board
And his home, where he wiſhes to be.
His hearth's chearful blaze ſtill engages his mind
"Whilſt thro' the ſharp hawthorn keen blows the cold [wind."

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* N. B. This Eighth Song was added after the Title Page was engraved.

Mrs. Mil. Co.